

HEADS UP

Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Friday, March 21, 1919

Vol. II

"Beauty is its own excuse for being"

No. 69

Enlisted Men's Dance at Red Cross House-Tonight



Our own Adj. as Grand Marshal

HEADS UP

Published daily, except Sunday, at U. S. Army Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Richmond College, Va.

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AND

Everybody on the Post.

Direct all correspondence to the General Manager, "Heads Up."

MAIL.

Arrives—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Departs—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

It will not be long before you will see the passing out of war conditions. And crowding closely upon the heels of these conditions a new order of things will set in, a new era of reconstruction and greater industrial activity.

Let us quickly get our mental and physical faculties in shape to make the most of it and get the cream of the opportunities that will come up.

Never do today any wrong thing you can put off 'till tomorrow.

A board of medical officers, consisting of Brig. Gen. Francis A. Winter, Brig. Gen. John M. T. Finner, and Col. L. A. Conner has been appointed by the Surgeon General to consider criticisms and suggestions concerning the medical service of the Army.

The object is to correct defects in the service and to increase the efficiency of this department. Officers of the Medical Department, including those of the medical, dental, veterinary and sanitary corps, are invited to submit to the board, through Gen. Winter, at the Army Medical School, 462 Louisiana Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C., any criticisms they may have to make of present methods and system, together with suggestions for improvements.

RED CROSS.

SCORED BIG HIT—Keith's "vodevil" and "reel" movies hit high score at Red Cross House, Wednesday night.

Mr. Julian C. Anderson, Sr., visited the Post Wednesday afternoon. We're glad to see him in better health.

BIG DANCE TONIGHT!

Mrs. Kern and Mr. Kretsinger visited Camp Lee, Va., yesterday.

Messrs. Johnson, Ridgaway & Keller visited General Hdqrs. of the Red Cross at Washington, D. C., yesterday.

MUNDANE THE THEME.

Into the limbo of departed things has gone the canteen or Post Exchange. Off-hand one would scarcely look for romance about a counter of plug tobacco or a gallon of kerosene, but none the less the closing of the canteen means the last of a running record of human activity hereabouts.

In the Old Days.

Capt. Gravelle and Sgt. Ford nursed the canteen from swaddling clothes on up thru its second teeth. This lusty baby had completed its adolescence when Lt. Farren and Sgt. Porterfield were hired as its private tutors.

By Its Majority

It still looked for guidance from the same tutors, the fanciful Farren and the picturesque Porterfield. Subsequently, Lt. Kelly the now Siberian wanderer, known in some circles here as "BABE" Kelly, took the helm. Then came Lt. H. Mason Smith, who stocked the canteen with a new line of mush. When he answered the call of the four-in-hand tie and loose trousers, Capt. Rundquist, the sharpest trader of them all, took it over.

Like Tennyson's Brook

Sgt. Porterfield has been going on "forever," relatively speaking. With this picturesque personnel a grocery store has written something of our history, and its demise really writes in the verbiage of our overseas patients "finis" for the camp.

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Just What it Has Been.

Town pump, camp-meeting, postoffice, railroad station, gossip catcher, forum and bar. Hither came the late risers of all classes, conditions, genders. The good old milk bottle and Corby cake softened the sting of the missed breakfast. The soft drink, the chocolate concentrates, the co-hesive gum, the great necessity of life—tobacco—grew here riotously, “while the barber kept on shaving.”

And for the News Hungry

There were papers of all sorts, magazines, periodicals, and last, but not least, we mention it most modestly, the peer of all printed matter—HEADS UP. Also posters and notices for the eye of the curious and ambitious, “while the barber kept on shaving.”

“And They Shouldered Their Crutch and Showed How Fields Were Won.”

Hither congregated the overseas patients and told savage tales of still more savage wars, while the poor adventure-hungry silver striper listened and envied, and “the barber kept on shaving.”

Stealth-y of Tread and Silken of Voice

Were the clandestine wooers who came to the canteen bringing dates that were never sold, while the “barber kept on shaving.”

And Now in its Zenith

We record two barbers who kept on shaving, and a boot-black who didn't keep on shining.

But Old Age Presses Hard on the Heels of Youth.

And behold! Peace and rumors of Peace have hardened its arteries, rotted out its teeth, and our once lusty canteen is bent and crippled and worn.

And Behold With This Morning's Sun

The Canteen is no more on the face of the earth, or in the eyes of men. Vale! Vale old friend. Verily, all things human change!

Funeral Notice,

Including account of the Auction will appear in a subsequent issue.

THE “LEFT-HANDED” LEAGUE.

Conan Doyle wrote a story about Sherlock Holmes under this title, but all we can do is furnish a roster of south-paws we have noticed. Comment true or otherwise will follow the list of names if you care to check up. Here they are:—K. E. Johnson, Ped Cross; W. W. Shankweiler, Capt. Slattery, Miss Purdon, Lt. Koller. The ambidexterous are not permitted to qualify.

Here Are the Brick-Bats and Bouquets Handed to Them.

In baseball, left-handed pitchers are supposed to be nuts of the deepest rattle. This is true for the world's greatest south-paw pitchers have been queer in the konk. The wags put it this way: “they're never right.” Others say left-handed is an index of cleverness. “Pay your money and take your choice.”



CREPE AND THE ETHIOPE.

Fast black both and for ghost story purposes, we ask you to recall that a colored patient got fresh with our lake last fall, and the lake was hardly a fresh water lake for several days. If there is anything to this ghost stuff, the army is going to leave Richmond College a perfectly good spirit for haunting purposes. This spirit though will have to work on other than moonlight nights on account of his complexion. All of which meaning the above drivel was suggested by the Bells of Paradise tinkling in the ears of one of our colored patients.



BLOOD ON THE MOON.

The Ossifers play the Q. Mers. Saturday afternoon on Frolic Field. Jimmy is all rested up from his vacation so that he can stand the strain of a divided affection by watching his team play the officers. This will be a contest for gore. Incidentally and sadly we remark that this is probably the last game. It is the last of the old league games. We plan to have the enlisted Medical men play the enlisted Q. M. men from time to time, weather permitting. Look the ball-tossers over tomorrow afternoon.

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SPRING'S ZEPHYRS.

Lt. James J. Walsh is back. We're glad to see Dominic. We understand that there has been considerable ill health up Newark way.

Capt. Repp spent yesterday at Newport News.

Lt. Carey is on his own. (We are jealous).

BATS, say we, altho they call themselves "THE OWL QUARTET." We mean the two second ranking Red Cross men, the spurious Major and the artist-author.

SO ANTHONY FELL in Roman days. Barlow better stay off the feminine thespians.

NEVER ENUF THANKS—To the Motor Corps. They served again on Wednesday night's vaudeville show.

Red X. Jones shows goose blood when he gets in a Ford. How he do fly!

Pvt. Dunning was at home to Nurses and Officers, Wednesday afternoon.

Cpl. Rowe also knocks 'em dead. He's off the dope though in playing the blondes, considering his own type. The birdie in our window said she was a bear which is our own pats for lovely beautiful lady.

Miss White has lost her fotograf, and it is thought that Theda Bara's Manager has taken it, having mistaken it for that of the latter.

Pvt. McTigue is back from pass after having smeared the old red paint all over New York.

THE ETERNAL URGE—Sketching Dunning and Checking Ezra Shiplett are reported to be all gummed-up in the Richmond social set. Just as an observer we'll say the army end of the quartet seemed too happy to really be on the course of that which is supposed never to run smooth. If Dunning pulls a cartoon some morning that has green worms in it we'll know that Cupid has scored a bull's eye on our first-page specialist.

Cpl. Rowe is a business man. He got Delmonico's service from the army Wednesday night. He wishes to thank the cook.

OUR OWN WRECKING CREW—Bricks and ashes from our own Flanders Field (we means the defunct Mills-Carey home) are being sent overseas to the United States by divers of the personnel. Mayhap the entire ruins will be cleaned up this way.

IT IS GOING OVER.

Dance Friday Night in the Red Cross Building for the Enlisted Men. We understand that Mr. Ridgaway is going to come thru handsomely on this.

"J. L. M.'s" RECIPE.

"Little beams of moonshine,
Little hugs and kisses,
Make the little maiden
Change her name to Mrs."

SIGNS OF SPRING.

We are sure that spring is near as the Sgt. Major was seen Wednesday flying his kite, and it had some (tale), but we will say no more.

Who gave Scottie the black eye? That's what we want to know.

MESS GETTING LESS—Five cooks transferred to Newport News, Va., for duty on Hosp. Train, No. 83. We will miss—Roy Baird, Frank Karius, Orville B. Fluharty, Geo. Walker, Frank Pantione.

Bad Bee-havior.

A little rose
Grew by a garage,
Each morning that was sunny
There came a bee,
Stuck in his nose,
And dined upon its honey.

Some gasoline
Fell on the rose—
The bee drank that next morn
And now he can
No longer buzz.

But honks just like a horn.

—The Pelican.

SEE YOU TOMORROW.